DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

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NOTICE.

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PETER THE GREAT.

Peter I. Alexievitch, generally denominated Peter the Great, Emperor of Russia, the son of the Czar Alexis, was born at Moscow, 9th June, 1672. On the death of Alexis in 1676, his eldest son, Feodor, occupied the throne. This Prince, however, died in 1682 without issue, after naming Peter as his successor, to the exclusion of his own brother Ivan. This step immediately provoked an insurrection, fomented by their sister Sophia, who was a woman of great energy and ability, but of unbounded ambition. Disdaining the seclusion customary among females of the Royal family, she showed herself to the Strelitz, the ancient Russian militia guard, and, by an ingenious story of the assassination of her brother Ivan, excited them to fury, and let them loose on the supporters of Peter's claims. After a carnage of three days, during which more than sixty members of the most noble families of Russia were massacred, the difference was settled by the joint coronation in May, 1682, of Ivan and Peter, with the Grand Duchess Sophia as Regent.

During the Regency, Peter became acquainted with Lieutenant Franz Timmerman, a native of Strasburg, who gave him lessons in the military art and mathematics. After this he had the fortune to fall into the hands of a Genoese named Lefort, who, by initiating him into the sciences and arts of civilization, showed him how much Muscovy was, in these respects, behind the rest of Europe, thus influencing him in his future career. Lefort formed a small military company out of the young men of the nobility, and which company Peter entered, taking the lowly position of drummer. From this grade he gradually rose to be the highest in command. This course of discipline and training saved Peter from becoming a mere despot, which his brutal and passionate disposition inclined him to be.

In the year 1689 Peter defied the power of the regent Sophia by marrying against her wishes, and in the same year, he called upon his sister to resign the reins of government. This she refused to do, and in the contest that ensued Peter was worsted and obliged to flee for his life. He had, however, the sympathy of the foreigners in the Russian service, who, with a Scotchman, named Gordon, and the Swiss, Lefort, at their head, as well as the Strelitz who flocked *en masse* to his standard, thus leaving Sophia almost defenceless. She, therefore, had to resign the contest. On Oct. 11th, 1689, Peter made his public entry into Moscow, where he was met by Ivan, who voluntarily withdrew, leaving Peter in effect sole sovereign.

Peter's first care was to shut up his sister in a convent, where she remained until she ended her life in 1704. He also banished her minister Prince Gallitzin. According to the valuable advice of Lefort and Gordon, both of whom were military men, and had served in some of the best disciplined armies of Western Europe, the new emperor organized a new army fully disciplined according to European tactics. He also labored to create a navy, and with this object in view employed Dutch and Venetian shipwrights to build several small vessels. Knowing that in order to make his infant navy of any practical use, he must possess some easily accessible sea port, he made war against Turkey, and after a long siege he took the city of Azof, at the mouth of the Don. To increase the power and prosperity of his country, great efforts were made. Skilled engineers, architects and artillerymen

PETER THE GREAT.

were invited from civilized powers, especially Austria and Prussia, and many of the young nobility were formed into embassies to visit the courts of Europe, at whom Russia was not represented. Not being altogether satisfied with this arrangement, or being too impatient to wait and reap the results of this movement, he, being sensible of his own deficiencies, and wishing to visit those countries which were so highly civilized and advanced in the military art, science, trade and industrial pursuits, left Russia in the train of an embassy, of which Lefort was the head. They visited Prussia and Hanover, reaching Amsterdam, where, and subsequently at Saardam, he worked for some time as a ship carpenter.

A little later he visited England on the invitation of William III., and spent nearly three months in that country, laboring to amass useful information. During his stay he received the honorary degree of D. C. L. from the University of Oxford. On leaving England in April, 1698, he carried with him about five hundred English engineers, artisans, surgeons, &c., and next proceeded to Vienna to inspect the army, and was about to visit Italy when a rebellion at home compelled him to return. He arrived at Moscow 4th of September, 1698, and found that General Gordon had quelled the insurgents. In order to recover the provinces of Ingria and Karalia, formerly belonging to Russia, he entered into an alliance with Poland and Denmark, intending to make a combined attack on Sweden, and thinking to take advantage of the tender age of the monarch of that country. In this he was signally defeated, his raw troops being unable to cope with the veterans of Sweden. Three years later by skilful manœuvring he got possession of the River Neva, at the mouth of which, among marshes, he laid the foundation of St. Petersburg. In the long contest with Sweden the Russians were almost always defeated. But he was not at all discouraged at these defeats, being confident that the time would come when his raw troops would have gained skill and discipline from them. At Pottava on the 8th of July, 1709, he totally routed the army of the Swedish King, thus becoming master of the whole of Ingria and a portion of Finland. Charles XII., King of Sweden, who had taken refuge in Turkey, instigated Ahmed II. against Peter, who, after re-organizing his army, prepared for strife with the Turk. In the war which ensued Peter was reduced to such straits that he despaired of escape, and was narrowly saved from destruction by the finesse and ability of his future wife, Catherine, who extricated him from his difficulties by a treaty by which Peter lost only his previous conquest, Azof, and the territory belonging to it. In the peace that followed this treaty he built defensive works in his capital, and by the construction of ships, &c., gave employment to thousands of laborers. By the loss of Azof, Peter was shut out from the Black Sea. The possession of a good sea-board on the Baltic thus became the more necessary to him, and he accordingly declared war against Sweden, in Pomerania, and in 1713 Finland was completely subdued. In the same year he removed the Senate from Moscow to St. Petersburg. He subsequently, with the Czarina, made another tour of Europe, and carried back with him a large quantity of works of art to adorn his new city.

In the year 1721, after the death of Charles XII., peace was made with Sweden on the condition of that power giving up the Baltic provinces, Ingria, Viborg and Kealholm and a small portion of Finland, with all the islands along the coast from Courland to Viborg, she receiving back the rest of Finland with a sum of $2,000,000. Peter now devoted his energies to the improvement of his territory. He built canals and factories, established a uniformity of weights and measures, and paved the streets of Moscow and St. Petersburg. After some years of peace Peter commenced a war with Persia in order to open the Caspian Sea to Russia's commerce. He compelled the Shah to yield to his demands and to hand over the Caspian territories of Derbend and Baku. For the last years of his life he was chiefly engaged in beautifying and improving his new capital, and carrying out his early plans for the more general diffusion of knowledge and education among his subjects. In order to save the empire which he had established and constituted from being abandoned to the weak government of a minor, he, in February, 1722, promulgated his celebrated law of succession. In the autumn of 1724 he was seized with a serious illness. He, therefore, appointed his Empress Catherine his successor, and caused her to be publicly crowned. After enduring much agony, the result of his early imprudence and now habitual excesses, he expired on the 8th February, 1725, in the arms of his empress.

A Doctor's Mistake.—I am sure I do not envy the feelings of any professional gentleman who goes to a patient and says, "Now, my good friend, if you don't take some of this drink you will die," and subsequently finds out that he has not taken the advice but has got better. For any medical man to say that a patient will die if he does not take it is ridiculous and absurd. People are getting a good deal wiser than they used to be, and a great many people won't take it when it is ordered. I know an instance where a medical man prescribed stout for a child who had bronchitis. The mother stared at him and said, "This child has never taken a drop in its life." The reply was, "It must have a bottle of stout at once—a bottle every day." The woman very wisely refused to give it anything of the kind.—*Dr. J. J. Ritchie.*

ST GEORGE
BEAUCE QU.

Temperance Department.

THE LAST GLASS AND THE CHILDREN'S FIRST FEAST.

"Why, you careless man, you've been and broken your glass," said a smart-looking young landlady, with a quick tongue, to one of the best of her customers, who spent the bulk of his wages at her husband's house, and kept his wife and family in rags and misery.

"Nonsense, missus," said the man, Saul Hobson by name; "I haven't broken your glass."

"But you have, then," she retorted, impatiently, annoyed at his contradiction; "just look at that crack; do you mean to tell me that crack was there when you took your drink? You've knocked it against something, that you have—why the glass is ruined."

"All right," said Saul, pacifically, in a rather maudlin tone, for he had drunk a good deal already.

"'Tisn't all right," said the provoked landlady; "'tis all wrong, and I can tell you you shan't leave this house till you've paid for that glass."

"Nonsense," said Saul; "you know me, and you ought to believe my word. I didn't break that glass. You don't mean that?"

"I do mean it," she said.

"Bless my heart! and think what an old friend I am of you and yours; you'd never be so hard upon a fellow as that? Besides, I know I didn't break it neither."

"You did," she repeated, still more angrily.

Then Sam Hobson grew angry in his turn. "Very well, missus," he said sternly; "what's to pay for the broken glass?"

"Fourpence," said she? "t'was worth every farthing of the money, too."

He flung out four penny pieces noisily upon the table.

"There, then, and now the glass is mine, I suppose, and I can take it home with me."

"Of course, you can," she rejoined, haughtily and sarcastically, "if you've a mind to go filling up your place with poor broken stuff like that. Take it and welcome."

"There's no welcome about it, missus," said Saul; "I take it because its mine, and I've paid for it."

And with these words Saul Hobson rose to leave the "Three Fawns," carrying in his hand the broke. tumbler. At the door he met the landlord, who had been out and was but just returned.

"Good evening, Saul; where are you off to, man?"

"I'm going home," said Saul, doggedly.

"Home! nonsense," said the landlord; "why 'tisn' nine o'clock yet—you've been in no time at all, man; what's the matter?"

"I'd better not speak any more in this house," said Saul, "for my word isn't believed."

"Sally," said the landlord of the "Three Fawns," turning a look of annoyance on his buxom partner behind the bar, "what have you been quarrelling with Mr. Hobson about?"

"Nothing, Mr. Hart," she answered, defiantly; "he's broke a glass and had to pay for it, that's all."

"I didn't break it," said Saul.

"Had to pay for it? Give him back the money this moment. Is that how you manage my business when my back is turned? Don't you know better, Sally, than to treat an old friend and a good customer that way? What's the price of a tumbler? Come back, Saul, and forget all about her folly."

"No, thank you," said Saul, not smiling nor yielding in the slightest degree to Mr. Hart's good-nature and blandishments; "I'll keep my word and go home."

So saying, he left the house.

"You are a beauty to quarrel with Saul Hobson," said the landlord angrily to his wife, and there ensued a war of words between the pair which we need not chronicle here.

"There's no sense in your being so savage, Mr. Hart," said his wife, amongst her other speeches; "that man will be back in a few nights at furthest, as sure as my name is Sarah Hart."

But the landlady's positive prognostication was destined to be unfulfilled.

Saul Hobson took his way to the desolate, barely-furnished room he called his "home."

His wife looked up in surprise as she saw him enter. With dry humor, that she hardly appreciated, he set the broken tumbler on the table, and said, "There, Fan, what do you think of that as a bargain for fourpence?"

"Fourpence, Saul!" she answered, in grave earnest; "it would be dear at a ha'penny. What on earth did you buy a broken tumbler for? Surely we have broken things enough about us," and her eye glanced around at the contents of the room, of which certainly quite a large proportion was unsound. Saul followed her glance, with a bitter smile on his lips.

"Yes, Fanny, so the tumbler will match."

Wondering alike at the comparative sobriety and the strangeness of his tone, the discreet wife ventured no further remark.

"Have you got any supper for your husband, Fanny?" he next asked.

"I've a bit of bread, Saul; there's nothing else in the house," she answered, timidly.

"And you didn't expect him." He laughed rather bitterly.

"No, I didn't."

"Well, I don't blame you for that. Is it too late to buy a pound of bacon? There is fire enough to fry it, more's the wonder. There's a shilling, Fanny; perhaps you wouldn't dislike a bit of tea."

"Oh! thank you, Saul." Fanny Hobson was hungry and tired, and the prospect was inviting. She slipped out readily, wondering and excited. She soon returned with the bacon, and an ounce of tea. It was quite wonderful the alacrity with which, thus encouraged, she bustled about to get the place comfortable. The warm savory smell, and the noise of the frying bacon as it fizzed and hissed in the pan, reached the children in their bed on the floor in a little recess of the room, and they called out—

"What is it, mother; who's frying?"

"Mother is," answered Saul Hobson; "and if you are good and quiet you shall have a taste."

Awestruck at their father's voice, the children were like mice for the next few minutes, save a whispered comment or two on the pleasant prospect before them.

It was a sight to behold that family half an hour later—the poor little wan, half-fed, scantily-attired children gathered around their parents' knees, and eating ravenously of bread and bacon, with an occasional sip of warm tea from the basin which their father used, or the cracked tea cup of their mother. When they had gone back to their bed, warm and contented, there was a whisper among them, and then uprose in tremulous tones—a little out of tune, perhaps, and yet surely somehow in tune with the angels' music—the simple words of thanks:

> "We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food,
> But more because of Jesus' blood;
> Let manna to our souls be given,
> The bread of life sent down from heaven.
> Amen."

Saul Hobson's eyes grew moist with blessed tears, and he was silent for some while. Then he raised the broken glass in his hand and flung it on the fireplace, where it shivered and fell in a dozen pieces.

"There, Fanny," said he; "that's my last glass at the 'Three Fawns'—that's my last glass of drink."

And Fanny's response was—

"Thank God!"

Eight years have passed away—eight happy years for Saul and Fanny Hobson. Slowly but surely the work of reformation has been carried on in that once miserable family. Almost the first act of its head, when he had recovered all his pledged articles from the pawnshop, was to remove into a tidier quarter of the town, and to engage two rooms.

Being an able workman he soon obtained an advance in his wages, when his master discovered he could depend on his punctual attendance; and Saul began to save. He had ideas of "bettering" his condition formed in his sober brain, which in his drink-loving days could not find room there. And now, with a small capital carefully and prudently accumulated year by year, he has just gone into business as a master tradesman, with a light heart, a clear conscience, and a happy home.

Best of all, he and his wife have become members of a Christian church, and are endeavoring to bring up their family in the fear of the Lord, which is the beginning of wisdom.

Saul Hobson never ceases to rejoice in those circumstances which led him to decide that he had taken his last glass.—*British Workman.*

WHY IS IT SO?

JOHN DOUGALL,—*Dear Sir:* According to the information given by the press out West, as well as in our own cities, "nine out of every ten" of the victims of the recent heat were either whiskey or beer drinkers, and yet some of our city editors are all the time recommending beer and other beverages as cooling drinks against the intense heat! As a workingman I have not tasted any kind of intoxicating drinks for upwards of thirty-five years. I can say after this long experience as well as observation of total abstinence that I have not known one single case where the individual has abstained for any length of time, so that the physical as well as the mental faculties of the body have become natural and free from all exciting emotions, that either "epidemics or the heat of the sun" made any visible impression on their system: that is, with proper precaution. Perhaps our medical men, editors, and clergymen, are amongst our best informed on general topics, and yet how few seem to come out square-footed on this simple question of total abstinence!

JOHN GLOVER.

[We can corroborate the above testimony in favor of total abstinence, having wholly abstained from intoxicating drinks for forty-four years, and found such abstinence eminently promotive of health, strength, comfort, happiness, and usefulness. Winter's cold and summer's heat have few or no terrors for the teetotaler: Old Time himself, that most invincible of all life's enemies, treats the temperance man with great leniency.—ED.]—*N. Y. Witness.*

PLAYING FATHER.

A group of little children were playing in the street, when one cried to his companions, "Come, let us play home, and I'll be father coming from work."

Now, how do you suppose the little child represented his father? He commenced reeling about from one side of the street to the other, feigning drunkenness. Alas! he must have been accustomed to the sight. This was his idea of father.—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.—The *Boston Traveler* says:—A person afflicted with this disease can easily supply himself with the remedies used at nearly all the inebriate asylums, and be his own physician at his own home, without the necessary expense and publicity of visiting the Washingtonian Home or any other reformatory institution. His laboratory need contain only a small quantity of cayenne pepper, a pot of concentrated extract of beef, and a few grains of bromide of potassium. When the desire for alcoholic drink recurs, make a tea from the cayenne pepper as strong as can be taken with any degree of comfort, sweeten it with milk and sugar, and drink. This tea will supply the same place that a glass of liquor would fill, and will leave no injurious effect behind. Repeated daily as often as the appetite returns, it will be but a few days before the sufferer will have become disgusted with the taste of the pepper, and with the appearance of this disgust disappears the love of liquor. This fact is proven every day. The extract of beef is to be made into beef tea, according to the directions on the pot, in quantities as may be needed for the time being, and furnishes a cheap, easily digested, and healthy nutriment, it being made "to stay on the stomach" when heavier articles of food would be rejected. The bromide of potassium is to be used carefully and only in case of extreme nervousness, the dose being from fifteen to twenty grains, dissolved in water. This is a public exhibit of the method of treatment adopted at the inebriate asylums. In addition thereto the drinking man should surround himself with influences which tend to make him forget the degrading associations of the bar-room, and lift him upward. He should endeavor, so far as his business vocations will permit, to sleep, bathe, and eat regularly, and obey the laws of health. By the adoption of this course, energetically and sincerely, no man who has the will to reform can fail to do so. Hundreds and thousands can attest the truth of these statements.

SUDDEN DISUSE OF STIMULANTS.—The Rev. T. H. Chope writes from Hartland Vicarage, North Devon:—"It is frequently affirmed that any sudden abstinence from alcoholic beverages in a person—much more an aged person—who has used them through life is prejudicial to health. An instance has lately come under my observation of the beneficial results arising from the sudden disuse of alcoholic stimulants by a widow of eighty-two summers. Her usual drink through life has been gin, which she changed for beer previously to reaching her eightieth year. She suffered from occasional attacks of gout in her left hand, and also a running foot-sore. Upon her reaching the age of eighty—that is, two years ago—she suddenly adopted the total abstaining principle, much to the surprise and consternation of her friends, who all prophesied a speedy and sudden termination of her life for the want of her accustomed potations. Nothing of the kind. The toe healed, the gout vanished, and for two years she has been free from these harassing complaints, and is a living monument of the good effected by the sudden adoption of a non-alcoholic *regimen*. She is in her eighty-third year, and frequently walks out into her son's garden or farm-yard without any covering on her head. Her memory is excellent; she can repeat long prayers, and she bids fair to become a centenarian."—*Leisure Hour.*

WATER TASTERS.—Mr. Wrench, the Vice-Consul, in his commercial report on Constantinople, says that the Turks are as great connoisseurs of drinking water as the Western Europeans are of wine. To suit particular tastes, the water sellers at Constantinople supply the beverage by the names of the sources from whence it has been procured. The water of the "bends," or catchment basins of rain water, known locally by the name of "Taxiom" (the Pera reservoir), though muddy is not unwholesome, and when allowed to settle, or is filtered, it is held in great esteem, as is also the water from Cura Koulak, a spring near Tokat, on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, and that from Tchamlidja, near Scutari. A copious spring at Beicos, also on the Asiatic side, supplies the shipping at Constantinople. The water of Kanlikavak spring, near Arnaont Kioy, is perhaps the purest spring water in the world, for by careful analysis it has been proved to rank next in purity to distilled water. Two sources in the valley of Roses, beyond Buyudéré, called Fundililli and Kestane, are in great demand among the natives; but the water mostly drunk by the highest class of Turks comes from two springs in Asia, called Goz-tepé and Tash-Délen.—*Alliance News.*

"IT WAS VERY STRIKING to see the Canadian Parliament the other day almost unanimously passing a Permissive Prohibitory Liquor Bill for the Dominion of Canada. What a curious thing it would have been had Mr. Bright been a member of that Parliament, to have seen him—the most brilliant adversary of monopoly which this generation has known—standing up in that assembly to maintain the right of the monopolists to enrich themselves at the expense of the community! My firm belief is that, when the people of England more thoroughly understand this great question, they will neither be deterred by large majorities in the House of Commons, nor by disparaging letters from great authorities from supporting the policy of prohibition more and more earnestly as the years go round. Of one thing I am absolutely certain, and that is, that already daily increasing numbers see the evils of the present system so clearly that argument, and sound argument alone, will prevent them from demanding a trial of the remedy which we suggest. Mr. Bright in his letter declines argument, and that fact greatly encourages me, as I hope it will also any friends of our movement to whom you may show this note."—*Sir Wilfred Lawson.*

MRS. BAYLY, of the Women's Union Branch of the Church of England Temperance Society, says: On my way home, one Saturday afternoon, I observed a woman coming in the opposite direction. The expression of her face struck me very much. It was not the quiet, deep sorrow we so often see, but a look of fierce, desperate grief. I could not help fearing she was planning mischief for herself and others, and as we passed I laid my hand gently on her shoulder and said, "I think you have some great trouble." Without attempting a word of explanation, she said, "He is doing of it again, he is; he has spended all his money for weeks and weeks, and I know he is at it again. I know he is. We are a'most starved now, and shall soon be quite. It was the 'cussedest' thing they ever did to make this here half holiday. They hadn't used to have time to spend all their money, but now they have, and they spend it most all afore we see 'em. I wish I was dead, I do." I said, "I wish the public-houses were dead, and then perhaps you would care to live, and be glad of the Saturday half-holiday." "They dead, indeed!" she said, scornfully: "They'll never die. Why, they gets 'most all our money."

ENGLAND HAS adopted, but modified, a method of dealing with habitual drunkards which, we believe, in its origin is American. The English Parliament has provided that habitual drunkards may apply for admission into inebriate asylums, which are already established in Great Britain, and, on signing their application, may be held for twelve months, unless earlier pronounced cured by the manager. In its present form the bill provides only for those who can pay for their keep, but if the experiment succeeds it is proposed to extend it and support inebriate hospitals by taxation. The original proposition, to allow the courts to commit habitual drunkards to the asylum in a manner analogous to that in which insane persons are committed to insane retreats, was abandoned by the advocates of the bill, and withdrawn from it. In its present form the bill secures the almost unanimous approbation of the English House of Commons.—*Christian Union.*

DR. NICHOLS, who had made a series of dietetic experiments on himself, has arrived at the conclusion that if the stomach is allowed to rest, any case of dyspepsia may be cured; that the diet question was at the root of all diseases; that pure blood can only be made from pure food, and that if the drink of a nation were pure and free from stimulating qualities, and the food was also pure, the result would be pure health.

ONE of the results of a recent temperance revival in Iowa is the sale of over twenty miles of blue ribbon to adorn the 223,000 signers of the pledge.

Agricultural Department.

RENOVATING OLD TREES.

In the spring of last year a Seckle pear tree, which had injudiciously been permitted to bear continuous heavy crops, was found almost lifeless. The advice was given to root it out, but we sawed off the top with the exception of one small limb that seemed to retain a little vitality, covered the wounds with grafting wax, inverted the sod under it and dug in a liberal quantity of manure. Presently the stump put forth new branches—which grew vigorously and were pinched back in good time—and now there is a top as fair and promising as could be wished. Since then a friend has called our attention to a pear tree similarly treated several years ago, and which has since given a number of profitable crops. An experience of like character is thus recorded in the New York *Herald*:

"About forty-five years ago, there was standing in the vicinity of Honesdale, Penn., a pear tree which was so nearly dead that it was about being cut down. The mother of the owner, having a partiality for the fruit of this particular tree, and thinking that it might be suffering from worms at the roots, resolved to attempt its restoration to health. She accordingly caused the earth to be removed from about the tree, uncovering the large roots, upon which was poured a large quantity of lye made from wood ashes. The excavation was filled with the leached ashes, and all the dead limbs were removed, which left the tree a nearly headless trunk. The results in this case were a most remarkable growth of wood, followed by great productiveness, which continued certainly forty years afterward."

Mr. Greeley used to say that a tree is like a cow tied to a stake—you must carry food to it or it will die. Mr. Charles Downing remarked to us during a recent visit that it was quite surprising, to those who had not tried the experiment, what thinning out the top, scraping, and washing with potash, the trunk and larger limbs, and digging up and manuring the soil, at least so far out as the branches extend, would do for even a very old apple tree—seemingly past help. A writer in the *Country Gentleman* offers the following suggestive views on the same subject:

"I was pleased to see your account of 'old trees dying' restored to vigor and productiveness by manuring This was, of course, where the soil needed it, else there would have been no benefit. I have in many cases (and never one failed) secured the same result by more attention to the top, removing the dead and ailing limbs, and permitting only the more thrifty and healthy to grow. In these old and declining trees there is much sap wasted on the decaying branches, which, upon their removal, is saved and concentrated upon the more healthy and surviving shoots, while new shoots, entirely sound and vigorous, will start out. In all these cases the soil was well drained and of good depth and richness, little or no cultivation or manure being given. The roots seem to have found room and fertility enough to sustain a sufficient growth. But in the great majority of cases the soil of our orchards is not of this character, but apt to be more or less wet, with the surface soil lacking in depth and the rest unfit for successful fruit-growing. This difference in the soil is always to be kept in view in treating orchards, for it is probably as bad to have the ground too rich as not rich enough.—*Correspondence of N. Y. Tribune.*

HOW TO USE SOOT.

That soot is of great value when judiciously applied to plants, and that it is also a powerful antidote against the ravages of reptile and insect life, there cannot be the slightest doubt, and yet we sometimes see this valuable fertilizing and purifying agent treated as though it were poisonous (which it verily is, owing to its burnt properties, in the hands of those unacquainted with its proper application) to vegetable life, and hence its consignment to some out-of-the-way place. Thinking, therefore, a few remarks upon its use *apropos* just now, the time of seed-sowing, these notes are penned in the hope that they may be of some little use to a few of those of your readers who are uninitiated in the use of soot. In all establishments soot may be had more or less abundantly, and in large places the supply is considerable, and should always find its way to a dry corner in one of the garden sheds, for if left exposed to inclement weather it loses its virtue. When getting in our onions, we used several barrowloads of soot in this way. When the ground has been trodden or rolled and raked level, the soot, which in the meantime has been passed through a quarter or half-inch sieve, is spread broadcast in sufficient quantity to cover the ground lightly, when the drills are drawn a foot apart and the seed sown in the usual way, and thus the crop is ensured against the ravages of worms. The same applies in the same way to turnips, parsnips, carrots, and all crops liable to the attacks of worms. I have used it for the above crops for several years with satisfactory results. Again, soot comes into use in a double capacity when used in a liquid state, as it drives worms out of the balls of plants growing in tubs or pots, and at the same time acts as a fertilizing agent to the plants. For this purpose we tie up three or four pounds of soot in a piece of coarse cloth, which we dip and squeeze in the water-tub until the water has become thoroughly discolored; smaller quantities can be used for smaller vessels. Then, again, soot can be used with good effect on the peach and nectarine, and other walls, mixed with limewash—say eight or nine handfuls of soot and one handful of sulphur to an ordinary-sized four gallon galvanized bucket of limewash, and applied with a whitewash brush, and dabbed well into all the crevices of the wall to the detriment of all insect life. A dusting of dry soot immediately over the drainage of pots which are to be plunged in beds of fermenting material will for some time prevent the ingress of worms. In like manner if soot and lime in proportion be dusted over young crops just coming up of the Brassica tribe when damp, they will be saved from the ravages of birds and flies and slugs. Soot will also do good service if a solution of it, and lime in proportion, be applied with the garden-engine to old apple trees infested with lichen. We use it in our orchard, as above described, every year with good effect; trees that were heavily coated with moss six or seven years ago are now comparatively clean. Soot can also be applied with an equal quantity of light mould as a top-dressing to an impoverished lawn with beneficial results. A corner of the lawn left undressed will be the best proof, if any is required, of its fertilizing properties, at least such is the opinion, founded upon practical experience and satisfactory results of—*H. W. Ward, in Gardeners' Chronicle.*

Insects on House-Plants.—The principal insects troubling house-plants are the green fly, the mealy bug, the scale, and the red spider. The most effectual remedy for the green fly is fumigation with tobacco. Some wooded plants-such as heliotropes, salvias, etc.—will not bear fumigation without injury to the leaves; and for these a weak solution of tobacco is quite as effectual. Steep some tobacco in water and sprinkle the plant with the solution, and afterward syringe with clean water. Mealy bug is to be searched for and destroyed. Frequent spongings do much to keep down the pest. Scale is to be treated in the same way. Warm soup-suds are peculiarly distasteful to this creature. A little turpentine diluted with water (one part to sixteen) will destroy the mealy bug. Alcohol, applied with a camel's-hair brush, will kill any insect it touches. Plants treated with these remedies must be syringed with clear water immediately thereafter. White hellebore (to be obtained at the drug store) is infalliable. It can be put in water and applied through a watering-pot, or put in two orthree thicknesses of gauze and shake the hellebore under and over the plants while they are wet. Red spider, which is seldom found on house-plants, is nourished by a dry, warm atmosphere. It is a very small insect, first appearing on the under side of the leaves; and, though difficult to see, its effects are quickly noticeable by the browned appearance of the leaves. It yields readily to moisture. Water is certain death. Keep the foliage syringed and atmosphere moist, and you will have no red spider. To kill white worms in flower-pots, take common lime, dissolve it, and pour the liquid on the soil. It does not injure the plants at all.—*American Cultivator*

Use Lime Liberally.—Lime is one of the greatest cleansers and purifiers known to poultry men, and they could ill afford to do without it even for a single season, for there is nothing which could take its place and perform its work so successfully. It also possesses the features of being cheap and readily applied, still further enhancing its desirability. What a fine time the lice would have if it was not for the wholesome checks which whitewash imposes upon them. Just see how the bad and unwholesome odors would affect the fowls, causing them to droop and become sickly, if it were not for the purifying and cleansing effects of the lime which is liberally spread, first being air-slaked, over the floors of hen-houses. Look how rough and unfinished the poultry houses and fencing would appear if it was not for a coat or two of good whitewash applied applied every spring and fall. Aside from it greatly improving the appearance of surroundings, it has a great tendency to increase durability of wood-work, protecting it in a great measure from the action of the weather, thus paying in many ways for the expense and trouble of applying it. No poultryman can afford to do without lime, in many ways; and paint, for preserving and beautifying the outside, as well as the inside, will never supersede the use of lime, for it is far more expensive and does not have the same desirable sanitary results.—*Bulletin.*

Horseshoes.—The question whether horse should or should not be shod is again under discussion. The proposition will crop up at intervals until a rational view of the subject comes to be taken. As a matter of physiological fitness, nothing more indefensible than the use of shoes can be imagined. Not only is the mode of attaching them by nails to the hoof objectionable, but the shoe is the probable, if not the evident, cause of many affections of the foot and leg, which impair the usefulness, and must affect the comfort of the animal. Whether horses could work on our roads, without some protection, is another question. We think it would be found that the natural structure would adapt itself to any ordinary requirement. There is, however, a wide difference of opinion upon this point among authorities on horse management, and the problem is not likely to be finally solved until the experiment has been tried. There can be no doubt as to the additional power of grasping road surfaces, which would be secured to the advantage of the rider or driver, and the relief of the horse, if shoes were not used. Meanwhile, we should like to see the trial made. It should, however, be understood that the experiment must be tried with colts that have not been shod. This is an essential condition of the test.—*London Lancet, of June* 28, 1878.

Turkeys must have plenty of room; confinement is fatal to profit. On a grass or grain farm they can, when properly cared for, be made to pay. They are very hardy, the bronze breed in particular, when in full dress, but while still "downy" or just sprouting their feathers, they are very tender, requiring extreme care in keeping from dampness, even the dew being almost always fatal at this stage of growth. When full-feathered they can run out in rain storms, and never seem to suffer at all. The first hatching should always be done under a large hen, as to induce the turkey to lay a second clutch of eggs, which she should be left to hatch herself. The best food for young turkeys is bread sopped in milk scalded meal in which finely-chopped onion tops have been mixed, "cottage cheese," sweet milk to drink, bread crumbs, etc., together with a little wheat screenings when they become older and stronger. Buy breeding stock early in the fall if you would secure the best. The bronze seems to give the most universal satisfaction. Two-year-old hens mated to a well grown, early hatched one-year-old gobbler, produce the most satfactory results.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

What Salary Does a Farmer Receive?—He receives the equivalent of a larger salary than ninety-nine out of a hundred of them are willing to admit. They under-estimate their own profits and over-estimate the profits of men living on a salary. There is a great difference among those who live by farming. A great many work the soil because they do not know what else to do, or because they cannot live by anything else. Many of this class' hardly deserve to be classed as farmers. They lower the standard of farming as a business. I believe there is no business by which a man can live so well with so much neglect as in agriculture. Still nothing better repays good care and ability. It is rather slow to yield brilliant returns at the outset: so is any business. The farmer's profits are concealed in the rise of lands—in improvements by ditching, clearing, and new buildings, more land, more tools, or better stock. Most farmers have no idea how much it costs them to live. They forget to figure in the pork, poultry, mutton, butter, flour, vegetables, etc. The salary-man lives entirely by his individual efforts In estimating a salary, we must do so by looking at the privileges enjoyed, the hard work of brain and muscles, and the gain in property and improvements.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Depth to which Roots Penetrate.—Mr. Foote, in Massachusetts, has traced the tap root of a common red clover plant downward to the perpendicular depth of nearly 5 feet. The Hon. J. Stanton Gould followed out the roots of Indian corn to the depth of 7 feet, and states that onions sometimes extend their roots downward to the depth of 3 feet; lucerne, 15 feet. Hon. George Geddes sent to the Museum of the New York State Society a clover plant that had a root 4 feet 2 inches in length. Louis Walkhoff traced the roots of a beet plant downward 4 feet, where they entered a drain pipe. Professor Schubart found the roots of rye, beans, and garden peas to extend about 4 feet downward; of winter wheat, 7 feet in a light subsoil, and 47 days after planting.—*Scientific American.*

Tarred Paper in the Chicken-House.—"I have lined my poultry buildings throughout with tarred paper for two years, putting it between every piece of board or timber, and even into nests, and so far have not seen a louse about. I had a hen-house overrun with lice two years ago, but upon lining it with tarred paper they disappeared and have not been seen since."—*Poultry World.*

DOMESTIC.

Hard Sauce.—Beat one cupful of sugar and half cupful of butter to a light cream; add the whites of two eggs well beaten, and a tablespoonful of orange, lemon, currant or any other juice, with such seasoning as is agreeable. Beat all together a few minutes. Set on the ice to harden, if needed.

Steamed Apple Pudding.—Sift with one pint of flour one teaspoonful cream tartar, rub in two tablepoonfuls of butter—scant; dissolve half teaspoonful soda in cold milk, and stir into the flour, adding enough more milk to make the dough too soft to roll. Spread one half of the dough with a spoon over the bottom and press it up the sides of a somewhat shallow dish or pan. Pare and slice three or four large fine-flavored tart apples, and spread them over the dough. Cover all with the remaining dough. Berry puddings are excellent made in same way, only stir the berries into the dough. Steam till fruit and dough are done. To be eaten with any sauce that is liked.

Wheat Cakes.—If our readers would enjoy wheat cakes in perfection, we advise them to follow the rule set down here, which rule has been faithfully tested scores of times by our own household, and always with complete success. In the first place, you must have some of the flour known as "middlings," and which is most easily procured in the country where mills are found. Now, to a quart of flour add one teaspoonful of salt and enough sour milk to make a batter. When ready to bake, add one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in warm water, and if this should thicken the batter too much (as it sometimes does by effervescence), thin it with a little more milk, either sweet or sour. Then bake like griddle cakes, and, if we are not much mistaken, you will find your cakes lighter, tenderer, altogether more satisfactory than any wheat cakes you ever tried. But, we repeat it--you must have sour milk, really sour, and "middlings" instead of fine wheat flour. Old housekeepers all know what young ones may not know—that the best way of greasing a griddle is by means of a strip of salt pork, cut thick and fastened to a stick or fork.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

Washing.—An easier method of doing the hardest of all household tasks, washing, is always acceptable. So, if this from the *Rural New Yorker* will help any, we shall be glad: Put all the pieces that are to be boiled in soak the night before, using only clear cold water, the coarse ones underneath and the finest on top. Put the boiler on early in the morning, about three-quarters full of water, and shred about two inches of a bar of soap in the water. Meanwhile wring out all the fine clothes and, laying them on the table one by one, rub the soiled parts with soap, and when the water in the boiler comes to a hard boil, put them in, a few at a time. Do not fill the boiler too full, as the water must wash through the clothes to extract the dirt. Let them boil from twenty minutes to half an hour, not more. While these are boiling, you can be preparing the coarser pieces in the same way as the first. Take out the fine pieces into a tub and put in the other clothes, adding water if necessary and a little more soap. You now begin to see the advantage of the new system; for when you begin to rub the clothes, you find that they need very little rubbing, indeed the napkins and tablecloths seldom need any. Rinse the same as usual, and I, for one, will be surprised if you do not own how much less labor your washing has cost than in the days of old. —*Standard.*

Apple Dumplings.—Put to three cups of flour half a teaspoonful of baking powder; sift them together; cut into the flour half a cup of sweet lard; mix with a knife into a smooth, firm paste with one teacupful of cold water. Set on ice or in a very cool place fifteen minutes. While the pastry is getting cold take one and a half cups of butter and extract the buttermilk and salt by pressing it in a clean towel, then flour it. Now take the dough and roll out on a smooth, well-floured board; place the butter on it, and fold the dough over it, so as to cover all the butter. Roll out lightly to a half-inch thickness; turn it over; fold each end to the middle, flour it, roll out again; again turn over, fold each end to the middle, flour, and roll out. Repeat this three times more and use. (If made in summer this paste should be put on ice between each folding and rolling.) Peel and core eight fine-flavored tender apples, and fill the centre when the core is removed with sugar. Roll out the pastry thin, cut it into eight squares of four inches, lay an apple on each square, wet the four corners of the pastry, and bring them together at the top of the apple and fasten by lapping each edge over the other andpressing together. Sift sugar over, lay in a baking sheet, and bake in a hot oven twenty-five minutes. Serve with hard sauce.

ESQUIMAUX DOGS.

The Arctic or Esquimaux dogs are exceedingly useful to the natives of the Polar regions. They are the devoted servants and companions of their masters, and carry burdens for them while pursuing game in the summer, and draw sledges over the trackless snows in winter. They have also been very useful to the English and American explorers, and the latter could not have made the discoveries they have done had it not been for these strong, sagacious and trusty animals, who have carried them over the frozen plains at the rate of sixty miles a day.

Some of these dogs are owned by the Moravian and Danish missionaries in Greenland and Labrador, and by the Church of England missionaries in the northern parts of British America, and by means of them the widely scattered stations are reached more speedily in winter than in summer.

Occasionally, however, the missionaries are in great peril, through terrific snow-storms coming on, while they are travelling in winter. Recently, one of the Moravian missionaries, stationed at Hebron, in Labrador, on a journey to Ramah, encountered a terrible snow-storm, the thermometer being twenty-seven degrees below *zero*. The dogs gave out, the Esquimaux drivers lost their way as they were crossing a mountain, the face of the missionary was so covered with ice that he could not convey food to his mouth, and was only able to breathe through some cracks in this ice crust, even the eyes being almost entirely covered. With the most strenuous efforts the station was finally reached. Of another missionary it is said:

"Leaving Zoar on the 15th of February, with fine weather and good sledge road, he reached Nain, after a favorable journey of seven hours; but during his short stay there so much snow fell that his return on the 18th was rendered extremely trying and difficult. The first portion of it was not so bad, as the wind had again cleared the icy road of snow; but later on, as the snow became deeper and less firm, the dogs could only proceed at a walking pace, and at the approach of night they had scarcely completed half their journey. In order to be at Zoar by the next day, on which the congregation intended celebrating their festival and the LORD'S Supper, they determined to travel all through the night; but neither the Esquimaux driver nor the dogs were able to continue the journey, and they agreed to remain where they were for some hours in order to rest. He was therefore obliged to pass the night lying on the top of the sledge, without any extra covering, when the thermometer was five degrees below zero of Fahrenheit; and being quite wearied out by his fatiguing walk through the snow, he fell asleep, and slept till daybreak. Early in the morning they started again on the journey, but were often obliged to halt to allow their hungry and exhausted dogs rest. The driver also suffered extremely from thirst, which compelled him, in spite of his weariness, to seek water, often at some distance. Owing to all these unavoidable delays, they were unable to reach Zoar that day. They therefore spent a second night on their journey, but this time in an old Esquimaux hut which they discovered near the road."

CHARLIE'S LESSON.

THE THIRD COMMANDMENT.

"What are you rattling off at such a rate, Charlie boy?" asked little Charles Radcliffe's Aunt Helena, as she came upon the piazza one Sunday morning before church time, and found her nephew perched on the piazza rail with an open book in his hand, the while his busy tongue, as fast as it could move, chattered some sounds like these—

ESQUIMAUX DOGS.

"Shltaut ake thname
Thlordthegoda vain.
Folordnut oldim gilds,
Takthisuamin vain."

Over and over Charlie turned this strange-sounding medley on his tongue, and Aunt Helena looked at him in a puzzled way, trying to make out the sense, if sense there might be, in any of it. At last she asked, "Where did you learn that gibberish, Charlie, and what do you mean by it, pray?"

Charlie seemed surprised.

"Why, Auntie," he cried, don't you know your Commandments? That is a Commandment. I learned it out of the Bible."

"Oh," said auntie. "Out of a Choctaw or Cherokee Bible, probably. I do not know the Commandments in any such language as that."

"Why," laughed Charlie, "that isn't Choctaw or Cherokee. It's just—well, I guess it's English—only it's the careless sort: Mamma didn't understand it any better than you did. She passed just now and said it was naughty to jabber nonsense in such a fashion on Sunday."

"Won't you please translate your careless English into good plain English for my benefit?" asked Aunt Helena, kindly.

"Oh, *you* know it," said Charlie gayly. "It is the Third Commandment: '*Thou* shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain: for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.'"

"Do you understand this Commandment?" asked auntie.

"Oh! yes, indeed," said the little lad. "*It* means you mustn't curse and swear—be profane, you know."

"What is it to be profane?" asked Aunt Helena.

"I know," said Charlie, smiling, "but I can't exactly tell. Wait a moment, and I'll find out."

Then he ran to the dictionary and looked up the word. His mother had taught him to do this whenever he came upon a word the meaning of which he thought he understood, but which he could not define.

"To be profane means to treat any sacred subject with irreverence or neglect. To profane the name of God is to speak or use it lightly, irreverently or wickedly, and not with that respect and reverence that belong to holy things," said Charlie.

"Yes," answered auntie. "And according to this, it is a sin against God to use His holy name in any but a reverent manner."

"Yes," said Charlie, promptly.

"Then was my Charlie in his careless sort of English just now, using the name of God in a sacred or reverent manner?"

Charlie blushed, but made no answer.

"I hope my little boy has now *learned* the Third Commandment," said auntie. "It is a lesson that none of us can learn too early or too thoroughly. The name of God is the holiest of all sacred names. We should never let it lightly pass our lips, or use it except with the utmost reverence.

To use God's name in wicked cursing or swearing is a fearful wrong.

To speak it lightly or unthinkingly is also wrong. And God has said that He will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain."

Charlie is a man now, but he has never forgotten the lesson of his "careless English," and always remembers the true meaning of the Third Commandment. —*Child's Paper.*

THE LITTLE BUILDERS.

John Brown and Jemmy Atkins were great friends. At school, at play, everywhere, they were together, and when one learned anything new it was not long before the other knew it also. Now they were watching the masons, who were building a fine store on Main street.

"Did you know that we are builders, John?" said Jemmy, as he watched the men putting brick after brick upon the wall.

"No, we ain't; we're only boys," said John.

"But we are; we are building a house which is to last for ever and ever," said Jemmy earnestly.

"Pooh! now you are fooling," said John. "Nothing in the world lasts for ever and ever. That old Morgan house is only a hundred years old, and it won't last a hundred more."

"I can't help that," said Jemmy. "Mother told me our souls would live forever, and we were building houses for them to live in."

"How is that?" said John soberly.

"Well, she said that we build our characters day by day, brick by brick, just as that man is doing. And if we build well, we shall be glad for ever and ever, and if we build bad, if we use shakey bricks, or rotten wood, or stubble, we shall be sorry for ever and ever."

"That is queer. We ought to be pretty careful, then," said John. "But your mother is such a good woman, she knows."

"I think it is jolly nice to be builders, don't you?" said Jemmy.

"Yes, if we build right. But let's see, what kind of bricks had we better use?"

"Always tell the truth; that's a big sill. Be honest; that's another," said Jemmy.

"Good!" cried John. "Mind your mother, there is another."

"Yes, and father, and teachers too," said Jemmy. "There's a big beam of temperance in my building. Mother says that's a gospel beam and keeps the frame steady."

"Be courteous; there's a brick," said John. "And don't swear; there's another."

"And don't speak against anybody, and don't say any dirty words," interrupted Jemmy.

"And we shall go on building as long as we live, mother says; every single day we add something to our house."

The gentleman who owned the new building stood close beside the boys, hidden from sight by a high wall. He listened to their talk intently, and then he stepped around beside them and said:

"Pretty good work, my boys; only build on the sure foundation."

The boys looked a little frightened, but he smiled so pleasantly upon them that they soon felt at ease, and listened while he said:

"Give your young hearts to God, my boys; He is the great Master Builder He will teach you to build so that He will say, 'Well done.' 'Seek first the Kingdom of God, and all things else shall be added unto you.'" Then he added: "I wish everybody would build as wisely as you plan dear boys. May God help you to keep them ever!"—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

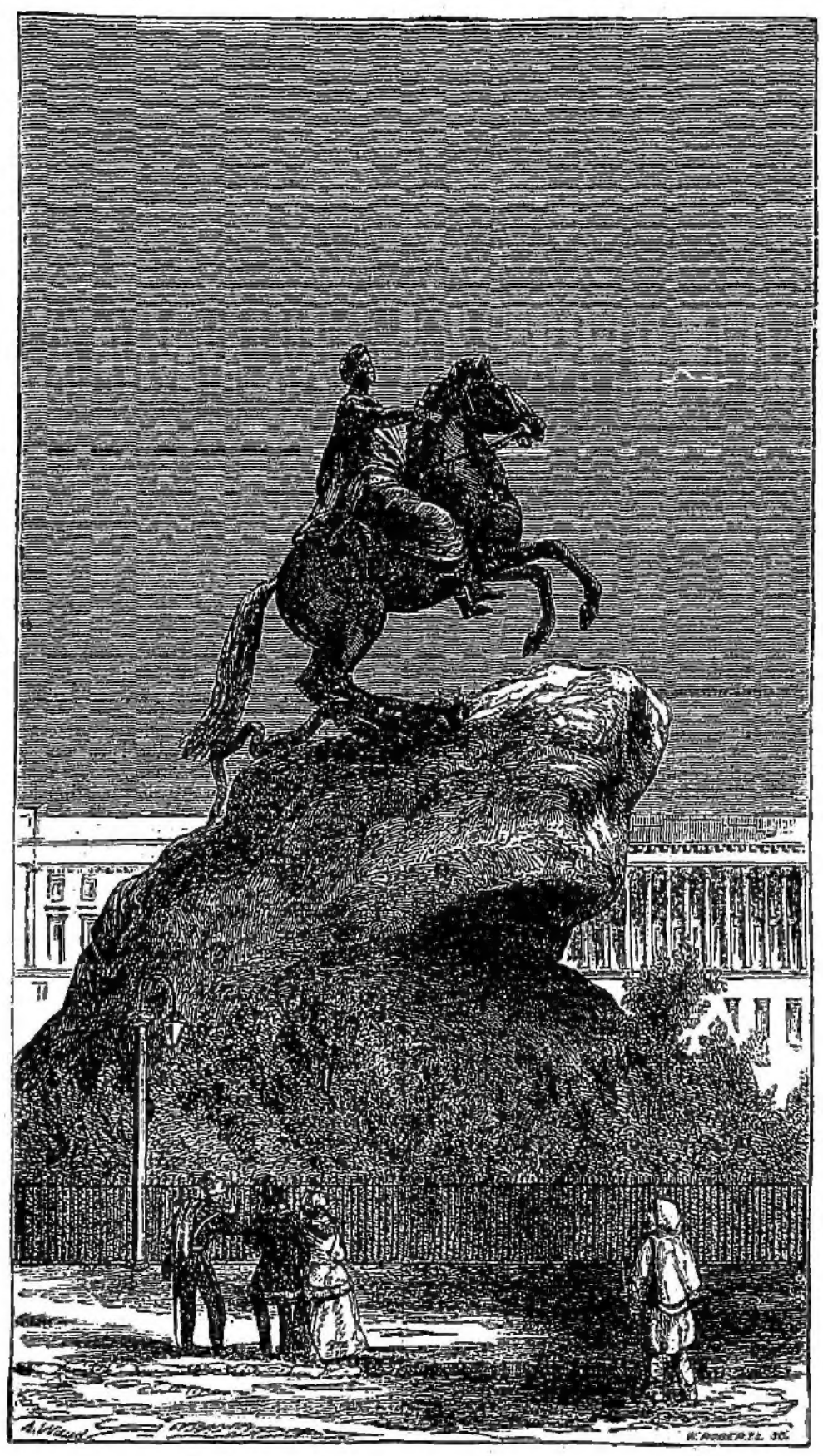
KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

Cowper, the great English poet, once wrote:

"I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.'

You may be sure that a boy that will hurt a butterfly, or a frog, or a worm even, is in great danger of becoming a bad man. We have a pretty fountain in our yard in which several green frogs have become perfectly at home. When it is remembered that each mother frog may have one thousand little frogs in a season, you will not be surprised that we had some small specimens which we watched day by day with much interest Our boy became very fond of these pets, fed them daily, and at last he determined to get thoroughly acquainted. He made a very shallow boat, hardly more than a nicely planed board, and putting it into the water, invited the frogs to ride. At first they seemed shy; but each day as the thing was repeated, they seemed to understand the friendly feeling, and at last would get on, a half dozen or more, and go sailing round the large fountain. This gave great pleasure to all the boys in the neighborhood, till one day a boy who was rough and heartless killed one of the pretty frogs for sport. Our boy came crying to the house as thoughbroken-hearted No other boys were allowed to come and see the frogs ride; and, indeed, the little creatures seemed to quite understand the break in their family, and the childish fun was over, just through a wanton boy, who will doubtless make a bad man.

Birds, too, know well when they are unkindly treated. From one of the nests in our orchard one egg was taken to help make up a boy's collection in natural history. The mother king-bird was very much angered until her remaining eggs were hatched. A dozen times every day, or every time the boy came near the house or her tree, she flew down and picked his hat, or would



STATUE OF PETER THE GREAT (ST. PETERSBURG).

sweep close to his eyes, so that we were indeed afraid that she would pick them out. After a time she left, but soon returned to hatch another brood, and again her warfare began on the boy. All through that season she never forgot; and what seemed strange to us, although other boys of the same size and age came to play in the grounds, she always knew *her* boy.

We have had a little fish in our house for a long time that has grown from a very small one, and it always eats out of our hands as prettily as a pet kitten. We can tame anything by kindness. Don't make friendships with boys who stone cats, or injure anything that God makes.—*Selected.*

HOW IT WAS DONE.

A young man entered the car where I sat, and took a seat by my side. We were soon engaged in conversation. He turned out to be a theological student just ready to enter the ministry. A remark about the drinking customs of the day caused him to say:

"I am but twenty-five years of age, but you can't tell me anything new about intemperance. I know it all through, to my sorrow." And then he proceeded to give me the following chapter of his bitter experience:

"At eighteen years of ag e,I went to Boston, to take charge of the books in a large mercantile house. At my boarding-house I became intimate with four young men who were in the habit of drinking lager-bier and ale—nothing stronger at first. They invited me to drink; I declined. They persisted in their invitations I said, 'I'm eighteen years of age, and I never drunk even a glass of lager-bier, and I do not propose to begin now. It would not be just to my teetotal and Christian home.' At length, one of the number, possessing tact at sarcasms, began to use it on me with telling power. I yielded, and drank the first glass of intoxicating liquor that ever passed my lips. My descent was rapid, and in two years I had the delirium tremens, and stood, as it seemed to me, on the very verge of a drunkard's grave, and a drunkard's hell. Then and there I resolved by the help of God to break the spell that bound me. I renounced drink, became a sober man, and then a Christian; and here I am to-day, a brand plucked from the burning, soon to preach the Gospel of Christ."

"Where are the four associates who urged to drink?" I asked.

"Three of them have already filled drunkard's graves, and the fourth is in the state prison of Vermont. But for the grace of God, I might have been in one place or the other," was his startling reply.

Four out of five destroyed by the "harmless beverage," as some people call it. The fifth as surely ruined and lost, but for Divine grace! Such a fact invests the Divine warning with tenfold power: "Look not thou upon the wine, when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it showeth itself aright. For at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

Thousands of youth have been lured to intemperance by the delusive idea that the lighter intoxicating drinks are not dangerous. It is "only a glass of beer," "only a glass of wine," has put them off their guard, and they have perished. Let the doom of four well-meaning but deluded associates named startle every young beer-drinker that he may see his peril.—*American Messenger.*

THE 1,200,000 Roman Catholics in the Netherlands maintain an "Old Society," which sends annually to the Pope the proceeds of the sale of old magazines, books and papers. This waste paper income amounted last year to 10,000 florins.

MR EVARTS being asked by Chief-Justice Chase to explain the secret of Dr. John Hall's great success as a preacher, answered: "It is his perfect simplicity and the fixed character of the man behind, and transfusing it all." He could not have told the truth in fewer or better words.

The Family Circle.

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER.

The woman was old and ragged and gray
And bent with the chill of the winter's day;

She stood at the crossing and waited long
Alone, unheard for, amid the throng

Of human beings who passed her by,
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of school let out,

Came the boys like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled white and deep,

Past the woman, so old and gray,
Hastened the children on their way,

Nor offered a helping hand to her,
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir,

Lest the carriage wheels or the horses' feet
Should crowd her down in the slippery street.

At last came one of the merry troup—
The gayest laddie of all the group;

He paused beside her and whispered low:
"I'll help you across, if you wish to go."

Her aged hand on his strong, young arm
She placed, and so, without hurt or harm,

He guided the trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong.

Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.

"She somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's old and poor and slow:

"And I hope some fellow will lend a hand,
To help my mother, you understand,

"If ever she's poor and old and gray,
When her own dear boy is far away."

And "somebody's mother" bowed her head
In her home that night and the prayer she said

Was: "God be kind to the noble boy,
Who is somebody's son and pride and joy!"
—*Harper's Weekly.*

MRS. BARNEY'S SERMON.

Strangely enough, the cellar stairs preached it—at least they contributed that very important part, the application. Sister Searls had furnished the text in the morning, but then the sermon might have gone on from firstly to forty-seventhly without Mrs. Barney's notice, had it not been for the cellar stairs.

Mrs. Barney was hurried that day—she was always hurried,—and it was warm and uncomfortable in the sunshiny, stove-heated kitchen, where she was hastening to and fro growing fretted and tired without slackening her speed. Nealie, standing at the ironing-table, was tired also.

"There's so much to do," she said, wearily. "I don't see why we need do baking and ironing both in one day. It makes such a crowd, and we could have left one for to-morrow."

"To-morrow will bring work enough of its own," answered Mrs. Barney quickly. "Besides, if we should get the work all out of the way the first of the week, a whole day to rest in would be worth something."

"But then we shouldn't take it for resting, just because it would be a whole day, and something else would be crowded into it," murmured Nealie, to whom one hour now looked very inviting, and that possible day in the future very uncertain.

The mother did not answer, and the young girl's hand moved more slowly over the damp muslins as her gaze wandered away to the hills where great trees were throwing cool shadows. How pleasant the shade and greenness were! The desire to bring it nearer suggested another thought to Nealie. "Some vines would be so nice at this window, mother. I could plant them, if you would let Tom dig a little spot out there."

"Yes, but if we ever get the house fixed up as we want it, we shall have shutters at that window."

"But we don't know when we can do that, and the vines would be so pretty now," urged Nealie.

"Pretty? Well, yes, if we had the whole yard trimmed and laid out as it should be. I hope we shall have it some day; but a stray vine here and there seems hardly worth fussing over, when we can't have the whole done."

Nealie sighed, but was silent, and presently Tim came in with an armful of wood.

"Nealie," he said, pausing near her table, "if you'd just sew this sleeve up a little. The old thing tears awful easy, and I just hit it against a nail."

He spoke low, but Mrs. Barney's quick ears caught the words.

"That jacket torn again, Tim? I never saw such a boy to tear things to pieces! No, Nealie can't stop to mend it now, and I can't, either. I've been intending to get you a new one, but there doesn't seem much chance to make anything new, while you contrive to make so much patching and darning on the old."

Mrs. Barney shut the oven door with a snap. Tim was the hired boy, kind-hearted but careless, and he was rather discouraging. Board and clothing sometimes appeared to her a high price for his services. "Hurry now, and pick some currants for dinner," she said.

Tim took the tin pail pointed out to him, but he did not hurry as he passed with clouded face down the walk. The thought of a new jacket would have been very pleasant a few minutes before, but it had suddenly lost its attractiveness. The boy drew his bushy brows into a scowl, and as soon as he was out of sight of the house threw himself upon the grass and began his currant-picking in a very leisurely style. Then it was that sister Searls drove up in her rattling old buggy, with a horse that was, as Tim said, "a reg'lar old revolutionary pensioner."

"If I can't have fine horses and carriage, I can take a deal of comfort with these," was always sister Searls' cheery comment upon her equipage. She had an errand at Mrs. Barney's, and stopped on her way to the village. A plump, rosy-faced little woman she was, not young, only that she belonged to a class of people who never grow old; neatly dressed, though it was "but that old poplin made over." Mrs. Barney noticed while she was talking, wondering a little that she should have "taken the trouble, when she surely needed a new one."

"This room is too warm to ask any one to sit in," she said, apologetically, placing a chair for her caller just outside the door. "When we are able to have the house altered to suit us, I shall not have a stove here in the summer."

"In the meantime you have this nice, cool porch. What a pleasant place it is!" said sister Searls, admiringly.

"Yes, if one had time to enjoy it," answered Mrs. Barney, with an uneasy laugh. "I'm so hurried, trying to get everything about the place in just the right order, that I don't have time!"

"Take time, sister Barney, take time!" said Mrs. Searls, smiling, but earnestly. "Make the most of what you have while you are working for something better. Don't crowd out any little sweetness you have to make room for some great pleasure that's farther off. You see," she added, blushing a little, as if her words needed excuse, "it's something I had to learn myself, years ago—never to trample on daisies in a wild chase after roses. The roses I haven't found, but the daisies have been enough to make the path bright."

Mrs. Barney looked upon her in some perplexity, as she took her departure. She had listened, with one-half her mind on the loaves of bread in the oven, and the other half did not fully comprehend what had been said.

"Daisies and roses! I don't see what any sort of flower has to do with wanting a new kitchen! But there! I suppose ministers' wives, even if they are only country ministers' wives, hear so much talk that it comes natural to them. Bits of old sermons, like as any way. Dear me! I don't get much time for poetry in my life: I'm sure of that. How Tim does loiter!"

Tim, meanwhile, had sauntered out from among the bushes, and was engaged in untying the old horse that Mrs. Searls had fastened as securely as if it could be induced under any circumstance to run. He was moved to this act of gallantry, partly because he really liked the cheery little woman, and partly because he heard Mrs. Barney call, and was in no haste to go to the house.

"That will do, thank you, Tim," said sister Searls, nervously anxious to expedite his steps in the way of obedience. "I think Mrs. Barney is calling you."

"Yes'm; she mostly always is," answered Tim, philosophically, pausing to arrange the harness with painful deliberation.

"But, my dear boy," urged sister Searls, reading something in the knitted brows, "you really should try to please and help her all you can, you know. She is kind to you."

"Oh, yes, she's kind! Only when I see one of her kindnesses a comin' I dodge it; it generally hits a fellow hard enough to be uncomfortable," responded Tim. Then having relieved his feelings by this statement, his conscience pricked him slightly, and he added: "You see, she's always in such a hurry. She can't come and bring 'em; she has to hitch 'em."

Mrs. Searls meditated as she drove down the country road.

"Well, I never thought of that before, but I do suppose that's why the Bible speaks of the Lord's 'loving kindness,' and 'tender mercy'—because there is so much kindness in the world that isn't one bit loving, and so much mercy that is only duty and not tenderness. I'll tell Josiah that." For it happened that while the good minister pored over his books and studied theology, his wife, going here and there, studied humanity. And though he cooked his own sermons, she often seasoned them.

The baking was done at last, the currants picked, and Mrs. Barney's dinner ready.

"For the bounty bestowed upon us may we be duly grateful," murmured Mr. Barney with head bowed low over his plate. Then he looked up and remarked that he was tired of a steady diet of ham and eggs, and didn't see why they couldn't have a little variety.

"You would see if you had to cook in the hot kitchen as I do," responded Mrs. Barney, more shortly than her wont. "I'm glad to have whatever I can get most quickly and easily. When we have a summer kitchen we can begin to live as other people do."

"If we ain't all old as Methuseler," complained Master Tommy, in an undertone, which was perfectly audible; "anyway, the chickens will be, if we can't have any cooked till that time." He had sniffed the odors of the baking on his homeward way from school, and settling his juvenile mind upon chicken pie for dinner, had been grievously disappointed.

Warm and weary with her morning's work, the questions and suggestions fretted Mrs. Barney. She felt wounded and aggrieved too, as she moved about silently after dinner. No one seemed to see that she cared as much for things nice and comfortable as did the others, she said to herself. She cared far more, indeed, since she was willing to do without much now, and work and plan for the sake of having things all that could be desired by-and-by. How many present comforts and conveniences she had foregone for that! Those very cellar stairs, toward whose dark and tortuous steps she was tending, were an example; they could scarcely be more badly built, or in a more inconvenient place. Mr. Barney had wanted to remove them, but she would not allow him to incur the expense because a second removal might be necessary when the house was thoroughly re-arranged. No, she had preferred to submit to the discomfort all this time.

Too long a time it proved, for even while she meditated, an insecure board slipped beneath her feet, plunging her down the dark narrow stairway against the rough stone wall, and then upon the hard floor of the cellar. One swift moment of terror, the crash of the dishes that fell from her hands, a flash of excruciating pain, and then she knew nothing more. She did not hear Nealie's wild cry from the room above, nor see her husband's pale face as he lifted her in his arms.

When she returned to consciousness a strange voice—the physician's—was saying:

"No bones broken, though it's a wonder her neck wasn't, falling the way she did."

Slowly she opened her eyes upon a confused mingling of anxious faces, wet cloths, and bottles of arnica and camphor, and gradually she comprehended what had happened, and her own condition,—not dangerously injured, but bruised and lamed, and with a sprained ankle that would keep her a prisoner for some days at least. It was a sudden pause in her busy work—an enforced rest. She scarcely knew how to bear it, for a moment, as she remembered all she had planned to do, until a second shuddering thought suggested that she might have left it all forever; then she grew patient and thankful. Yet it seemed strange to be lying quietly on the lounge in the best bedroom—the room that had been kept so carefully closed to preserve its furniture until an addition to the house should transmute it into a back parlor; to watch through the open door, only a spectator, while Nealie flitted to and fro in the kitchen beyond, spreading the table for tea.

How good the children were that evening, and how tenderly thoughtful her husband was, coming to her side again and again to talk or read to her! They had not found much time for talking or reading together these late years, she and David; she had always been so busy when he was in the house. She had dreamed of a leisure time coming, though, when they should have many evenings like this, except the illness. She had not thought much of illness or accident coming to mar her plans, or of death suddenly ending them. But it flashed upon her now how many little loving words and offices and daily enjoyments had been crowded out of their home, and in that brief retrospective glance she understood the meaning and the earnestness of Sister Searls' entreaty.

"Why, it's all kind of real nice and jolly—if you wasn't hurt," declared Tommy, unable to express his enjoyment of the pretty room and the unusual family gathering any more clearly.

Tears gathered in the mother's eyes, but she had found her clue; and she meant to follow it. She had ample time for thought in the days that followed, when she was only able to sew a little now and then, on garments for Tim, or look over seeds for Nealie's vine-planting; and slowly but surely she learned her lesson, and brought it back to health with her—to gather life's pleasantness as God sends His sunshine—day by day. — *Pacific Evangel.*

AN OBJECT-LESSON.

BY CHARLES W. MASON.

On a sultry and suffocating morning in July, a clerk, weary with a year's work, took the train at the Northwestern depot in Chicago, for his two weeks' summer vacation. He passionately loved the earth and the sky; he had not seen the first for a year, and the second only as it may be seen looking up from city streets; and now his mind went forward to the home towards which he would soon be hastening.

A little town, clean and fresh, and dull, straggles along the northern shore of the lake, and in one of its whitest houses, surrounded by the smoothest of green lawns, and the loveliest flowers and graceful vines, the clerk knew he was being eagerly awaited and plenteously prepared for. His heart warmed as he thought of it; but in the light of the freshness, the fragrance, the welcome, towards which he looked, and that he could hold for such a brief time, his every-day life seemed, in the contemplation, dustier, dryer, and even less endurable than usual, and in his heart he cried out for "a new servitude."

Why should he, who had no affinity for the city, be fated to grind in one of its mills? He loved the country, and could only once a year catch a passing whiff, as it were, of its fragrance; was sensitive to ridicule and had always to be ready to hear jokes and laughter upon his "pious" tendencies, and could never learn to hear his familiar nickname of "parson" without inward shrinking. If his father had not died, if he had not had to leave college to work for mother and Alice, that is what he would have been—a parson. He had recognized, long ago, that he could never have been a successful one; that was what hurt him more than all the rest, the feeling that he was doing no good. What better was the class of unruly boys at the mission school for his years of conscientious teaching? And as for his fellow clerks he was an unsocial fellow at best, and had no influence over them, he was sure. Long ago, when he had first come among them, he had tried his powers in preaching—on them—had earned his nickname in that way, and they had fairly choked him down with laughter, and a hail-storm of good-natured, stinging jokes; he never thought of that time now, without blushing. His only friend among them all, he believed, was Johnny, the office-boy. Johnny did think a great deal of him; he wondered why! But Johnny was pretty well grounded in the faith now, was almost old enough to have a desk and high-stool of his own, while some other boy filled inkstands and sharpened pencils for him: he would always have an influence; everybody liked the boy's bobbing curly head and merry ways.

But, meanwhile, the clerk's own youth was slipping away, and he longed for a new servitude, knowing even while he longed that he must not stop present work to look about for it. If he could only begin all over again, where nobody knew him, and where he might use the hard-earned experience of these past years to gain influence and do good. This he wished, being blind. He mourned his passing youth, unconscious that it took with it the egotism, the offensive assurance that had drawn laughter upon him, leaving upon his face a look of sweet, settled gravity, that made Johnny love him as if he were a girl, and drew to him all who wanted comfort, as bees go to flowers for honey. Unconscious, too, that his hateful nickname was used now only through strength of habit, and was charged with affectionate respect rather than with derision, the result of years of silent faithfulness. And of course he could not know that his employers looked upon him as one of the reliable kind, a man that they could put their hands on at any time when they wanted a place of special trust filled; and as for the different atmosphere that prevailed in the office now from that when he had first gone into it; the decrease in smoking, chewing, swearing, drinking, and the desire that was beginning to faintly move upon some of the boys for an entire change of life, why, he gave Johnny the credit for that. The little scamp had such a knack with them, nobody could resist his good-natured, grandfatherly lectures upon the error of their ways, and he just badgered them into going to church. They went to get rid of him, they said; but the leaven was working, already the mass was beginning to lift a little, and the clerk, being blind, did not know that his steady holding of

Johnny up to high standards had had anything to do with it. And so, as he sat in the semi-darkness of the car, watching it fill up with his companions for the day, tired in body, mind, and spirit, his life seemed to have left a bitter flavor in his mouth, and he never in that life had felt so little like thanking God for his mercies as he did now, with rest, and love, and recreation before him.

Just in front of him, an old German woman had been placed by her own son. He caught the relationship as the man gave her ticket to the conductor, telling him, in broken English, that his mother had never been on the cars before, to look out for her and see that she got off at Deerfield. That was the station just before his own, so the clerk looked at her, with the mild curiosity which people always feel upon hearing familiar names when away from home. She was a clean, decent-looking old body, dressed in a short woollen skirt, a shawl crossed over her breast; her wrinkled face, and brown, knotted hands, telling of a life of hard physical labor. She sat stolidly, holding fast the blue handkerchief in which was tied all the "baggage" she carried, until the train had moved out of the depot and the city, but at one of the last of the suburban towns she took her bundle and was about to leave the train, not having been told, or not being able to understand, that she must ride all day before reaching her destination. The brakeman sent her back, and she now began to look about with glances of uneasy suspicion. At the next station she again tried to go, and was brought back with some difficulty; at the next it took the united efforts of the conductor and brakeman to bring her back, she catching at the arm of each seat they passed, and beginning to cry, as well as to shrilly protest in a language which no one understood. By this time, the interest and curiosity of all those in the car having been aroused, the conductor explained the circumstance to them, and a gentleman, a German evidently, who had been reading his newspaper opposite, went over to her and tried to make her understand, but finding that she spoke a *patois* that made it as impossible for her to understand his German as his English, he sat down in the end of her seat and calmly took possession of her, placidly resuming the reading of his paper, while she cried and wrung her hands, and at last went out into the aisle, going up and down and entreating every one, with look, and voice, and gesture, to rescue her from what she considered an incomprehensible imprisonment. The conductor had the doors locked, so that she could not get out upon the platform, and then she was allowed to go about while the train was in motion; while at every station the gentleman who had constituted himself her protector would bring her back to her seat, obliging her to stay there until, having started again, the doors could again be locked.

As the forenoon wore on, this became a harder and harder task, her fear, agitation, and suspicion, increasing to a frenzy, while she used her utmost strength, beating him upon the head and breast, struggling, and fairly screaming, in her efforts to escape. Being a large, powerful man, he might easily, by a little roughness, or by confining her arms, have rendered her helpless, but he simply let her beat upon him, and stood immovable, using just the force necessary to prevent her from injuring herself, and seeming not to take himself into the account at all; good-naturedly told over and over again, to the constantly changing passengers, the necessities of the case, and when the doors were locked would allow her to pass him, and then, entirely unmoved, go on with his reading. It was ignorant suspicion, beating against wise force.

As the long, hot day wore towards its close, she had exhausted her strength and sat still, with only occasional pitiful tears, like a child's, rolling down her cheeks. The man who had watched over her left the train, nodding cheerfully as he went, and saying heartily, "Good-bye, mother, you're all right, you'll soon be home now." But she was past minding, fate had overcome her, and when the brakeman had called "Deerfield," passively allowed him to take up her bundle and lead her off the train. So much interest had been felt in her that every one went to either door or window to see if she were met by friends. It was a little depot, no other houses in sight, wheat fields all about with level sunset rays upon them, a big farm waggon driven by a white-haired Dutch boy was just scraping its wheels against the platform, and before it fairly stopped, out over its sides trooped what seemed a countless number of picturesquely dressed Dutch children, led by a ruddy, joyous-faced young matron, who hastened across to where the old woman had been left standing, her bundle beside her, and looking dazed and stupid. When she saw the young woman, she gave one joyful cry, and springing forward fell upon her knees, clasping her arms about her, and as the train moved off those who were looking saw them still standing so, with the children pressing about, the younger woman softly patting the upturned face of the elder, and comforting her in her own tongue.

The clerk had learned his lesson. how had he beaten the wings of his life against the wise strong hand that had held him firmly in unpleasant paths; not through ignorance either, for had he not been told explicitly that "all things shall work together for good to those who love God?" and he did love Him in the uttermost depths of his heart, he was sure of that. They were skirting his own lake now, off which blew a cool fresh breeze; the air was suffused, as we have all seen it after rare sunsets, with golden light, like the smile of God around the curve the houses of the town were coming into sight; and his thought shaped itself into words like these,

> Great heart of patience!
> Close against thee let me lie,
> Until the beating of thy strength
> Teach me to live aright.

—*Standard.*

PROFIT BY KEEPING THE SABBATH.

Sabbath-keeping benefits both the body and mind, and thus must also tend to increase the worldly estate; for who does not know that a sound mind in a sound body is all-important to the success of his business? For what say facts here? They say that those who work six days in a week will do more work, and do it in a better manner, than those who labor seven. Cases in proof of this, to almost any extent, might be mentioned, if space were allowed; two or three must suffice. At a Sabbath convention in Baltimore, which was attended by one thousand seven hundred delegates from all parts of the United States, a great drover from Ohio stated that he had made more money by resting on the Sabbath with his droves than he would if he had kept on seven days. His cattle and sheep always brought him a better price than others which were constantly kept travelling. In one case, where the neighbors could not find a market, in consequence of the cattle having been overdriven, he cleared five hundred dollars, and this he attributed to resting on the Lord's day. A salt boiler tried the experiment of resting on the Sabbath, which it was thought that business would not admit of; but he found, at the end of the season, that he had made more salt than any of his neighbors, with the same dimension of kettles, while his whole expense for breakage and repairs was only six cents. Some years ago, after a long wet spell in harvest, came a clear Sabbath, when many farmers hurried in their grain, which, from being housed before it was full dry, was greatly damaged; while others, who feared God and kept his commandments, were enabled to gather in theirs in good condition. No doubt money is sometimes made for a time by Sabbath labor, as in the case of those who, in violation of the laws, both of God and man, sell liquor on that day, and find, perhaps, more customers than on any other day: but the sad history of such men, and their families, too, shows often that they only "earn wages to put it in a bag with holes," and that the curse of God is upon their ill-gotten wealth. A friend in an adjoining county once remarked that he had, for a long time, made careful observations on this subject, and he had never known any permanent advantages to arise from projects planned or carried out on this day, but often serious losses to have followed them.—*British Workman.*

PULLING THROUGH.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

There are hundreds of families among the better classes of society, who, in these times, are simply pulling through a great mass of difficulties. They are rowing up stream. Before them, for all that they can see, lie night and darkness. Still, pride forbids them to make any public complaint, and they veil their anxieties, and meet the world with a show of courage. It is not always easy to do this. To take a leaf from the wisdom of the oracular Mr. Micawber, "Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure nineteen, nineteen, six, result happiness. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure twenty pounds, ought and six, result misery." "The blossom is blighted, the bud is withered." When in any one's experience, Mr. Micawber's conditions have been tested, his decision has been justified. The out-go more, necessarily perhaps, than the income, and honest people must suffer.

There are two or three suggestions which are not impertinent, and may be helpful to those in such a strait. First, have nothing to do with false pride. Do not be disturbed because others have what you cannot obtain. Be contented to appear poor. Do not be ashamed to wear old clothes. Do not shrink from letting friends know that you are pressed for money. If you cannot continue to live in the desirable neighborhood where your present home is situated, move to an obscurer one, where rents are lower. If you cannot send the children to a private school, place them for a while at one of the excellent public institutions. Just here, however, remember that you can least afford to let the children suffer, so far as their education is concerned. It is better, always, to make great sacrifices in other directions than to sacrifice in that which affects the intellectual and moral development of a child. There is dignity in accepting the situation in which you find yourself, and greatness of soul in being equal to it. So, the wise heads of households will not sit down with folded hands, when the emergency is alarming; they will look about them, take account of their environments, and adjust their actions accordingly.

Stop all little leaks. The most provident of us, in this land of plentiful harvests, have still to learn frugality from the people of older countries. A great deal can be saved by care for small things, by refraining from wastefulness and by judicious contrivance.

Do not go in debt; if you cannot afford to buy bread and meat, and pay for both, buy only bread. Determine that you will not pile up rocks in front of you. It is quite enough to surmount the obstacles of every day, without the added burden of ever-accumulating obligation.

Take the children into the family confidence. I know that many loving parents dislike to overshadow with the least anxiety the sunny sky of their children's lives. But it really protects boys and girls from some sharp stings of annoyance, and uplifts them to a level with the dear father and mother who are fighting life's battle so bravely, to know all about the state of affairs. The most open candor will but knit the young hearts closer to each other, and to you.

Finally, do not neglect any of the usual means of grace. Go to church and to prayer-meeting. You will often find comfort awaiting you there. Read the Bible and appropriate the promises. Every one of them was meant for you. Meant too, for you and for me, and for all God's children in their times of trial, was that precious assurance of Jesus, "Your Father knoweth ye have need of all these things." Trust Him, and by His grace you will be able to overcome.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

RAVENS AND MAGPIES.

In the Lech valley there is a belief that the ravens never drink during June, because in that month they fed the prophet Elijah. In North Germany, Swabia, and Tyrol, a superstition prevails, that if the eggs are taken from a raven's nest, boiled, and replaced, the old raven will bring a root or stone to the nest, which he fetches from the sea. This "raven stone" is very valuable, for it confers great good fortune on its owner, and has likewise the power of rendering him invisible when worn on the arm. The stone is found in the nests of magpies as well as ravens, and as it makes the nest itself invisible, it must be sought with the aid of a mirror. In Pomerania and Rugen the method is somewhat different. The parent birds must have attained the age of 100 years, and the would-be possessor of the precious "stone" must climb up and kill one of the young ravens, who must be a cock bird, and not over six weeks old. Then the aggressor descends, taking careful note of the tree. The old raven immediately returns with the stone, which he puts in his son's beak, and, thereupon, both tree and nest become invisible. The man, however, feels for the tree, and on reaching the nest he carries off the stone in triumph. Rugen folks declare that this feat can only be accomplished by the help of the devil, and that the man's soul is the price paid for such assistance. The Swabian peasantry maintain that the young ravens are nourished solely by the dew from heaven during the first nine days of their existence. As they are naked, and of a light color, the old birds do not believe they are their progeny, and consequently neglect to feed them, but they occasionally cast a glance at the nest, and when the young ones begin to show a little black down on their breast by the tenth day, the parents bring them the first carrion.—*All the Year Round.*

"Among the wealthier classes the floating information of the family circle often, though by no means always, both excites and gratifies a curiosity about natural phenomena; but among the poor this stimulus to mental growth is almost, if not entirely, wanting. An explanation of the physical causes of common events, such, for instance, as the raising of water in a pump, would usually be a revelation to the pupils of a Board School, and would start them upon a track which could hardly fail to render them more skilful workers in any department of industry, and which might even lead some of them to fortune. A wise and benevolent squire set on foot many years ago a school for the children of his laborers, in which drawing and the elements of natural science were carefully taught; and the result was that the children educated there, instead of remaining at the plough's tail, passed in an astonishingly large number of cases, into positions of responsibility and profit."—*London Times*

THE DISCOMFORTS OF ROYALTY.—The daughters of George III. were often weary of court etiquette, and used to get rid of it by spending their mornings at Frogmore, near Windsor, a small establishment, where they enjoyed rural pleasures, and were never intruded on by company. There they had their dumb pets, and fed their own chickens, ran out and in unattended, and were entirely free from the trammels of royalty. I have been there just after they had left the place, and found their work and their books lying about, and everything looking like the home of a private family. The wife of an officer in the army, who had apartments in Windsor Castle, said that the princesses would escape into her room sometimes, and beg for a glass of beer to quench their thirst, alleging as a reason for their doing so, that if they asked for it in their own home they must wait for a barrel to be tapped, and that would cause a new office to be created, for serving beer to them between meals, and that barrel would become the perquisite of some one of the household, and a fresh barrel would be tapped every time a glass of beer was called for. So great was the discomfort of a royal household in those days.—*Mrs. Farrar's "Recollections" in Episcopal Recorder.*

Question Corner.—No. 22.

Answers to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed EDITOR NORTHERN MESSENGER. It is not necessary to write out the question, give merely the number of the question and the answer. In writing letters always give clearly the name of the place where you live and the initials of the province in which it is situated.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

181. Who was the first person that died a natural death?
182. What was the name and rank of the officer under Nebuchadnezzar that set fire to the temple at the first destruction of Jerusalem?
183. How many were the proverbs of Solomon?
184. What prophet wore a veil, and why?
185. What was the manner of Saul's death?
186. Who was the mighty man of valor afflicted with leprosy?
187. What aged prophet's hands were upheld by two persons and caused the armies of Israel to be victorious?
188. Who was Samson's father?
189. Who partook of a meal prepared by an angel?
190. The birth of how many distinguished Bible characters were announced by angels?
191. How many Canaanite kings did the children of Israel destroy on the taking of the promised land?
192. Who slew three hundred Philistines with a spear?

SCRIPTURAL ACROSTIC.

1, A Roman lady saluted by Paul. 2, The eldest son of Jacob and Leah. 3, A king of Judah. 4, A symbol of subjection and servitude. 5, A thin cake of fine flour, anointed with oil, used in various offerings. 6, The son of Abraham and Sarah. 7, A city of Judah. 8, A city of Syria, famous for its wines. 9, A bird pronounced by Moses to be unclean. 10, A river, near Shushan, in the Province of Elam, on the bank of which Daniel had a vision. 11, A disciple of Paul. 12, A measure. 13, The son and successor of Baasha, assassinated by Zimri, who succeeded him as king. 14, One of Zerniah's sons, noted for his swiftness of foot. 15, The first Christian martyr. 16, The son of Saul, and, also, his successor as king over the greater part of Israel. 17, A god of the Assyrians. 18, A city of the Philistines.

Initials give a verse of Holy Scripture; one that each and every Christian should keep ever in mind.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN No. 20.

157. Sidonians, 1 Kings v. 6.
158. Elijah's, 1 Kings xviii. 41.
159. Nehemiah, Neh. vi. 10, 13.
160. Nazarites, Num. vi. 1.
161. David, 1 Sam. xvi. 11.
162. Hoshea, 2 Kings, xv. 30.
163. Solomon, 1 Kings v. 5, 15.
164. Midianites, Judges viii. 26.
165. Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, Num. xxvi. 10.
166. Children Rechab, Jer. xxxv. 1, 10.
167. Midianite army, Judges vii. 12.
168. Uzziah, 2 Chron. xxvi. 16.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

Fig-tree.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 20.—Susie E. Brown, 11; Margaret Patton, 12; Annie Patton, 12; Annie Donaldson, 12; Francis Hooker, 12; A. A. B., 12; J. W. H. Milne, 12.

To No. 19.—Clarence N. Goodspeed, 8; William Fraser, 9; Hugh Miller, 7; Annie Donaldson, 10; Francis Hooker, 10; Margaret Patton, 10; Annie Patton, 10; Susie E. Brown, 10.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From the "Little Pilgrim Question Book," by Mrs. W. Barrows. Congregational Publishing Society, Boston.)

LESSON VIII.—Nov. 24.

JUDAISM OVERTHROWN.—Luke xxi. 8-21.

8. And he said, Take heed that ye be not deceived: for many shall come in my name, saying, I am Christ; and the time draweth near; go ye not therefore after them.

9. But when ye shall hear of wars and commotions, be not terrified: for these things must first come to pass; but the end is not by and by.

10. Then said he unto them, Nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom:

11. And great earthquakes shall be in divers places, and famines, and pestilences; and fearful sights and great signs shall there be from heaven.

12. But before all these, they shall lay their hands on you, and persecute you, delivering you up to the synagogues, and into prisons, being brought before kings and rulers for my name's sake.

13. And it shall turn to you for a testimony.

14. Settle it therefore in your hearts, not to meditate before what ye shall answer;

15. For I will give you a mouth and wisdom, which all your adversaries shall not be able to gainsay nor resist.

16. And ye shall be betrayed both by parents, and brethren, and kinsfolks, and friends; and some of you shall they cause to be put to death.

17. And ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake.

18. But there shall not a hair of your head perish.

19. In your patience possess ye your souls.

20. And when ye shall see Jerusalem compassed with armies, then know that the desolation thereof is nigh.

21. Then let them which are in Judea flee to the mountains; and let them which are in the midst of it depart out; and let not them that are in the countries enter thereunto.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"And when he was come near, he beheld the city, and wept over it."—Luke xix. 41.

1. What was Judaism?

ANS. The religion of the Jews.

2. How was it different from the Christian religion?

ANS. It had a great many forms and ceremonies and sacrifices.

3. What was meant by these ceremonies and sacrifices?

ANS. To show the people that Christ was coming to be himself a sacrifice for sin.

4. Would they be of any more use after Christ had come?

ANS. Not any.

5. When Christ came, how did the Jews receive him?

ANS. They did not believe he was the Saviour, and they treated him very badly.

6. What did Jesus foretell in this lesson?

ANS. The destruction of Jerusalem.

7. What was there in Jerusalem that the Jews loved very much?

ANS. The temple, where all the sacrifices were offered, and which was full of precious and sacred things.

8. Did Jesus wish to have Jerusalem and the temple destroyed? Golden Text.

9. Of what did Jesus tell them to take heed? Ver. 8.

10. What dreadful things would come to pass? Vers. 9-11.

11. Before this, what would the disciples suffer? Vers. 12-17.

12. Did these things happen just as Jesus said they would.

ANS. They did.

13. Why did the friends of the disciples treat them so?

ANS. They wanted them to give up the religion of Christ.

14. What did Jesus promise them? Ver. 18.

15. What command did he give them? Ver. 19.

16. What is patience?

17. Does impatience ever do any good?

18. What did Jesus tell them to do at last? Vers. 20, 21.

19. Did they do it?

ANS. History tells us that they did.

20. How long after the death of Christ did these things take place?

ANS. About thirty-seven years.

21. Why did Jesus tell them about it beforehand?

ANS. That they might be prepared for it, and know what to do.

22. Were they not discouraged when they knew they were to suffer so much?

ANS. No; for they loved Christ so much, they were willing to suffer for his sake.

23. What are you willing to do for Christ's sake?

24. What is it now to be a disciple of Christ?

Promise of God to his obedient child.

"AS THY DAYS, SO SHALL THY STRENGTH BE."

LESSON IX.—Dec. 1.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.—Luke xxii. 10-20.

10. And he said unto them, Behold, when ye are entered into the city, there shall a man meet you, bearing a pitcher of water; follow him into the house where he entereth in.

11. And ye shall say unto the goodman of the house, The Master saith unto thee, Where is the guest-chamber, where I shall eat the passover with my disciples?

12. And he shall show you a large upper room furnished: there make ready.

13. And they went, and found as he had said unto them: and they made ready the passover.

14. And when the hour was come, he sat down, and the twelve apostles with him.

15. And he said unto them, With desire I have desired to eat this passover with you before I suffer:

16. For I say unto you, I will not any more eat thereof until it be fulfilled in the kingdom of God.

17. And he took the cup, and gave thanks, and said, Take this, and divide it among yourselves.

18. For I say unto you, I will not drink of the fruit of the vine, until the kingdom of God shall come.

19. And he took bread, and gave thanks, and brake it, and gave unto them, saying, This is my body which is given for you: this do in remembrance of me.

20. Likewise also the cup after supper, saying, This cup is the new testament in my blood, which is shed for you.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"For as often as ye eat this bread and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death till he come."—1 Cor. xi. 26.

1. What feast of the Jews was near at hand?

ANS. The passover.

2. When and where had their fathers begun to keep this feast?

ANS. Hundreds of years before, when they were slaves in Egypt.

3. Why did they keep it?

ANS. In memory of the time when the Lord slew one in every house of their enemies and passed over their houses.

4. What did they eat at this feast?

ANS. The principal thing was a lamb, which must be without spot or blemish.

5. What was done with the blood of this lamb?

ANS. It was sprinkled on the door-posts of the house, to show that the angel was to pass over that house without destroying anyone.

6. Who had commanded them to keep this feast, and told them how to do it?

ANS. The Lord God.

7. Of whom does this passover lamb make us think?

8. How is the Saviour often spoken of in the Bible?

ANS. As the Lamb of God; the Lamb slain for us, whose blood cleanseth us from sin.

9. For whose sake does God pass over our sins, and forgive them?

10. Where did Jesus and the disciples go, to keep the passover? Vers. 10-14.

11. What did Jesus say to them? Vers. 15-18.

12. What did he mean by saying "before I suffer?"

ANS. Before he should be crucified by the Jews.

13. How long before the crucifixion was this feast?

ANS. Only one day.

14. When they had eaten the passover, what did Jesus do? Vers. 19, 20.

15. How long ago was this?

ANS. More than eighteen hundred years ago.

16. In all this time, what has been done by those who love Christ?

ANS. They have kept this feast in remembrance of him.

17. What is it called?

ANS. The Lord's Supper.

18. After Christ's death, why was it not necessary to keep the passover any longer?

ANS. Because we believe that Christ wishes us to keep the Lord's Supper instead.

19. What good will it do us to celebrate the Lord's Supper?

ANS. It will make us think of the death of Christ, and of all he has done for us.

20. What does St. Paul say of it? Golden Text.

21. How do we feel about the last wishes of a dying friend?

22. How will any one who loves Christ feel about this last command?

23. Is this command for children, or only for older people?

ANS. For any who are old enough to love the Saviour.

Warning for this week.

"IF WE DENY HIM, HE ALSO WILL DENY US."

PROFESSORS JORDAN, Brayton, and Gilbert, of the Butler University, at Indianapolis, and Miss Cornelia M. Clapp, professor of zoology at Mount Holyoke Seminary, Mass., with a party of twelve students of natural history, including two ladies, have recently completed a pedestrian tour through several of the Southern States. The party walked about 450 miles and "roughed it" for about six weeks.

AN IMPORTANT experiment is being tried in the Boston public schools, where books have been excluded from the primary departments, and oral exercises and object lessons substituted. The young pupils are especially taught to express ideas in their own language. The teachers lecture, or talk, daily about such knowledge as little children may best acquire.

IT SEEMS to be true that phonetic spelling is to be introduced into the Philadelphia public schools.—*N. Y. Independent.*

Ye that love the Lord, hate evil.

PSA. 97., 10.

OUR PRIZE LIST FOR THE NEW CAMPAIGN.

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In making up our Fall list of premiums we have tried to introduce as many new articles as possible, but owing to the request of many of our last year's workers who did not succeed in gaining all the prizes that they wished for, we again offer some of the articles which last year were most sought after. The skates seem to have been the favorite of the Young Folks, as over 700 pairs have been sent away to successful competitors, and in every case, as far as we have learned, gave entire satisfaction; we therefore, for a short time only, offer the skates as premiums on the following terms:

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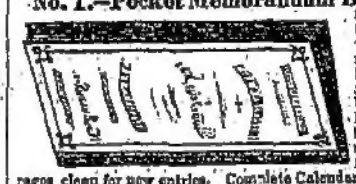

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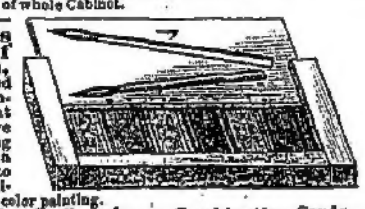

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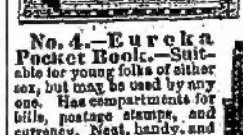

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